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Vol. III.—No. 122. MANCHESTER, Saturday, DECEMBER 10th. Price One Penny.

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VIA SUEZ CANAL,
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Who is hailed with enthusiastic applause and vociferous acclamation every Evening, in his sparkling Monologue Entertainment, entitled

"BEGONE DULL CARE;"

Or Exemplifications of the Mirthful, Humorous, and Ventriloquial.

From among the many flattering notices that have appeared in the principal London and provincial papers, we extract the following handsome and original tribute to FREDERIC MACCABE's talents from the *Liverpool Daily Courier* of Friday, January 15, 1869:—

ODE TO FREDERIC MACCABE.

The Muse
Who could refuse
To give her aid
To thee must be indeed a jade;
Laughter provoker!
Inimitable joker!
Incessant smiler,
Jovial care beguiler,
Human chameleon,
O'ertopping all thy rivals, as old Pelion
Does a molehill.
Let him who with "the blues" doth feel his soul ill
Pay thee a visit, and the odds
Will be against one Chinese Bonze—the gods—
Who (unless mythology has sadly blundered)
Were numbered in Olympus by the hundred,
That he no more
To others and himself will be a bore;
But cutting meagrims, sighs, and melancholy,
Will become pleasant plump, serene, and jolly.
Tell me how is't
Thou dost contrive, unique Ventriloquist,
To rival in a manner wondrous able
The various voices that confounded Babel?
Now far, now near, now under chair or table,
Now on the roof-top, now beneath the floor,
Now in the room, and now outside the door.
Marvellous tactician!
Whether as troubadour in golden tags,
Or Arab street musician
Clothed in motley rags,
Trolling, as one, a love-sick plaintive ditty,
As t'other bullying our ears for pity—
As Spanish singer, called by the girls a nice man—
As poor "street chanter," grabbed by the policeman,
"Eternal snorter,"
(So Jonathan would say), as "Railway Porter,"
Unutterable swell!
When patronising of some ball—the belle
To nature true—most true (that is, in one sense)
A fool's small talk is "a yaas, thank you," nonsense.
Amusing extract from the Emerald Isle,
Whose bulls, while possible, still make folks smile—
Unlike the ribaldry, alas! the rage
Used by most "English-Irish" on the stage.
"Paterfamilias,"
From whose teachings many a silly ass,
Who calls his elders "fogies," "bores," and "slow,"
Might still learn something worth his while to know.
Bright Bolton lad!
Not to be had,
By everyone who tries
To cheat thee and bamboozle thee with lies—
Who knows about the places thou hast been at,
And what thou tell'st is true, "because thou'st seen it."
And last, not least, Maccabe in our dear love,
What soars thine other triumphs far above,
As o'er the moon does the bright god of day,
What Muses—what, imploringly, I pray—
What shall I write about superb "Miss May?"
Must I confess
The lady's dress
(It may be the assertion is a rash 'un)
Might set the fashion to the goddess Fashion,
And more, that many a belle
Would profit well
Would she take private lessons, subtle man,
From thee for flirting, with her beau or fan.
Farewell, amusement's friend!
May kindly crowds thy Momus' courts attend,
Thy life be bless'd with happiness and health,
Thy labours crowned with well-acquired wealth.

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Augustus Thrillington—MR. SOTHERN.

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To conclude with Boucicault's drama,

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The Greatest Favourite who ever appeared in Manchester. Several New Songs. Great Success of the MORTIMERS, who will next week give their celebrated Burlesque of "King and Queen Cash," introducing the Patriotic Songs of Germany, France, and Great Britain; also of LITTLE AMALIA, the exceedingly clever Burlesque Actress, from the principal London Halls. Return of Mr. ROBT. GREEN, from the Royal Alhambra Palace, whose singing is nightly received with the greatest enthusiasm.

Monday next, in addition to the foregoing, first appearance of **Miss MARION ISAACS**, the celebrated Soprano Vocalist. Return (after a long absence) of Mr. W. P. THOMAS, the ever-welcome Negro Comedian. Another Success in the New Comic Ballet, BOBBY BUTTERFLY, supported by Messrs. Howard, French, Langley, and Barnes, Mdlles. Rosina and Jessie, and Efficient Corps de Ballet.

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The Unrivalled Serio-Comic Star Artiste. Imitated by many, equalled by none. In addition to several new and popular compositions, Miss Annie Adams will nightly introduce the latest success—her

GREAT WAR SONG!!

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For lots of Fun they are the Dons. Universally acknowledged by the Press and Public to be the best and most genuine Irish Comic Duettists of the present age.

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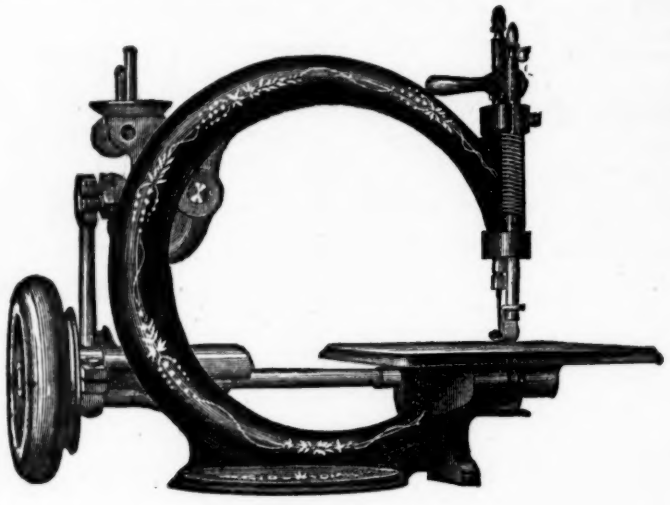

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[LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.]

WILLIAM WHEWELL.

THE historian of the Inductive Sciences was the son of a Lancaster joiner, and born in that old metropolis of our county, on the 24th of May, 1794. His father is said to have been "a man of probity and intelligence," and his mother, it seems, was a really superior woman, of considerable cultivation for the sphere in which she moved. What stage of their son's progress in life they survived to see does not appear, but it is recorded that "to both his parents he was always dutiful and affectionate." A remarkably strong and healthy man in later years, Whewell was a sickly child, and, with the usual result, debarred from mingling in the sports of other children. From his earliest years he was a passionate reader. He soon exhausted the treasures of his father's slender library, the *Spectator* among them, and learned all that was to be learned at the grammar school of his native town. Parents and teachers doubtless thought that such a young glutton of books and knowledge was too good for the carpenter's bench, and should be sent to a university. Fortunately it occurred to one or others of them that not far away, over the borders of Westmorland, there was a school which offered its successful pupils an exhibition to Trinity College, Cambridge. This was at Heversham (in the parish of which name Milnthorpe is situated), where some munificent Christian of a bygone generation had thus endowed the school, afterwards taught by the father of Bishop Watson, and to which that episcopal antagonist of Tom Paine owed his start in life, a sub-sizarship of Trinity College. To Heversham the studious Lancaster boy was sent. He went, he saw, he conquered; and at 18, like Watson before him, he gained the Heversham exhibition of £70 a year, and proceeded to Cambridge as a sub-sizar of Trinity. Under any circumstances, Whewell's energy and capacity would probably have gained him a name; but it was to the forgotten benefactor of Heversham school that he was indebted for the opportunities of wide and liberal culture denied to Dalton, and for an escape from the long drudgery which crippled the activity and cramped the character of the originator of the Atomic Theory.

There still survive early university associates of Whewell's, who remember him as he looked when, fresh from rustic Heversham, he made his first appearance at Cambridge—"a tall, ungainly youth, with grey worsted stockings and country-made shoes." The uncouth son of the Lancaster joiner rapidly distinguished himself, however, in the arena where intellectual force and perseverance are the weapons of battle—in the race which is always to the swift, whatever the texture of their stockings or the shape of their shoes. "He soon became known in the college as the most promising man of the year." Elected to a foundation sizarship and to a scholarship, he gained in his second year the Chancellor's prize for the best English poem on the subject of Boadicea, said to be a very spirited performance, and of a merit far above the average of academic prize poems. This seems a curious prelude to his subsequent mathematical and scientific triumphs; but there was really a strong vein of poetry in Whewell, which may be seen cropping out in the lyrical prose scattered through some of his profoundest disquisitions, not to speak of his translation of Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*, and the English elegiacs of his later years. When he graduated in 1816, it was as second wrangler and Smith's prizeman, the first honours being won by a Mr. Jacob. The result was unexpected in the University, and probably by Whewell himself. He took his defeat quietly, remarking, with a humour which remained one of the characteristics of the rugged man—"Is he not rightly named Jacob, for he hath supplanted me these two times?" The year after he took his B.A. degree, the distinguished and promising young man was elected a fellow of his college—the first in Cambridge—and he was lecturing on mathematics as assistant tutor of Trinity, with what seems now the very modest stipend of £75 a-year. Seven years later he became full tutor of one of the "sides" of the college, his colleagues on the other "side" being successively Dr. Peacock, afterwards Dean of Ely, and Perry, afterwards Bishop of Melbourne. As a tutor, Whewell was not popular; and indeed it was only with his late years that he ever acquired a university popularity. His manner was decidedly stern; his mind was ranging far and wide over the whole universe of knowledge and speculation; nor could he always fix it on those personal details of tutorial duty, on the pleasant management of which a tutor depends for so much of the favour with which he is regarded by his pupils. Yet his reputation attracted them to him in crowds, and he did his duty by them in his own way, though it is characteristically recorded of him that he often forgot their faces, and was thought to slight them by a failure to recognize them. But during his sixteen years of tutorship he effected much for Cambridge, and helped to efface from the university the reproach into which it had fallen, of lagging in its own peculiar studies behind the age. "During the period," says his friend, Sir John Herschel, "when he was pursuing his studies at Cambridge, the mathematical department of the University curriculum was in what might be called a transitional state. A perception had begun to be entertained of the absolute necessity of including within its range a knowledge of those powerful methods of investigation so familiar to the continental mathematicians, but which could hardly be said to be known in England, and which at Cambridge had by some even been regarded with dislike as innovational. In this latter feeling, in common with most of its younger members, he was far from participating; but, on the contrary, was only desirous to forward the movement which he saw commencing." According to the same high authority, something of this deficiency had been repaired by the translations which Peacock and his coadjutors made of two of the chief treatises of the French mathematician Lacroix. But the want of intelligible elementary works, based on the new analysis, it was Whewell who supplied, in a series of books, which began with the *Elementary Treatise on Mechanics*, published in 1819, and ended in 1837, with the *Mechanical Euclid*, works either obsolete or superseded now, but of great use in their day and generation. Meanwhile he was active in all university business, and was one of the founders, in 1819, of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, to the transactions of which he was an indefatigable contributor. In 1826, he began his co-operation, with the present Astronomer Royal, in experiments for ascertaining the mean density of the earth. In 1828, he was chosen Professor of Mineralogy, a post which he filled for four years, and he threw himself heartily into the work of the British Association, of which he became president in 1841. To its reports he contributed, from time to time, valuable papers on the Tides, and on the Mathematical Theories of Heat, Magnetism, and Electricity.

After receiving his M.A. degree, Whewell took orders, and in due course he became a Doctor of Divinity. He never, however, accepted a college or other living, though, had he entered on an ecclesiastical career, he would, doubtless, like his predecessor at Heversham, Richard Watson, have risen to the Episcopal Bench. Whewell's orthodoxy and Churchmanhood were unimpeachable, but he fought shy of the cure of souls, probably from an inherent disinclination for such an employment, though he solaced his conscience with the reflection that he would do more good by remaining at academic work, and improving the studies and culture of the University. His tutorial duties, not surrendered until 1839, of course encouraged him—if encouragement were needed—to prosecute private studies, which left no region of knowledge, especially of science, unexplored, and which in their depth and range were almost unparalleled in the England of his time. The sickliness of his boyhood seems to have long before disappeared, and a vigorous health of body as of mind enabled him to prosecute with impunity his gigantic labours of research and of reflection. For with Whewell reading was no mere act of reception, enriching the memory alone. His comprehensive and forcible mind was for ever purifying and fusing the crude ore which he gathered from books, and casting it into forms impressed with his own stamp. He was nearly forty before the world outside the walls of Trinity and the University received the assurance that Cambridge contained a man who added to profound scientific acquirements a keen and vigorous intellect and a powerful imagination; the master, too, of a

robust and animated style, which rose at times into a noble eloquence. The application of the famous Bridgewater bequest for the production of a series of treatises "on the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation," was left to Davies Gilbert, at that time President of the Royal Society; and acting on the advice of the then Bishop of London, Whewell was commissioned to contribute the volume on *Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology*. The work appeared in 1833. Despite the abstruse character of the topic, it went rapidly through several editions; and Whewell's fame was no longer academic but national. Subject, of course, to the objections which can generally be urged to such disquisitions—the blinking of difficulties and the patronage of Providence, which seem inevitable in them—Whewell's treatise displayed merits of a very rare order, and in spite of all that had been written on Natural Theology, a very considerable originality both of conception and of detail. The chapter on "cosmical arrangements" belongs to the highest order of thinking and writing, by which the doubtful science of Natural Theology has as yet been illustrated and enriched.

His Bridgewater Treatise created the reputation which was strengthened and extended by the publication, in 1837, of his great and greatest work, through which mainly he has procured himself an enduring fame. To be the accurate and philosophical historian of any one science is honour enough for most men, and has given a high rank among intellectual producers to the Delambres and Montuclas. But, in *The History of the Inductive Sciences*, Whewell was the first to attempt to write the history of all science, physical and natural, from its earliest dawn in the dogmatic guesses of the ancient philosophers of Hellas, to the latest theories of the cultivators of the youngest of the sciences, geology. That in a survey of science from Thales to Sir Charles Lyall, including characteristics of, and criticisms on, the scientific discoverers and aspirants of all ages, and tracing the evolution and development of our knowledge of the external world through so many centuries of intellectual effort and struggle, there should be some errors, is not surprising; the wonder is that they are so few. The effect produced by the affluence of knowledge, the universal grasp which the work displays, is not marred by faults of manner, and some grave defects might have been pardoned under the circumstances. The narrative flows in a broad, clear, and equable stream, and we can well believe that after long preliminary labour and reflection, it poured from its author's mind like molten metal from the furnace. "We learn, on good authority, that it was sent to the press chapter by chapter as it was written." Remarkable as the book was in many respects, it was in few more remarkable than in this, that in it, for almost the first time, a high scientific authority of encyclopædia attainments set himself to establish our knowledge of nature on a deeper foundation than the empirical philosophy of Locke and his disciples. In his multifarious studies, Whewell had mastered the Kantian philosophy, and his manuscript remains were found to include an epitome of the *Kritik der reiner Vernunft*. In *The History of the Inductive Sciences*, and still more elaborately, though not more strikingly, in his subsequent and less successful work, *The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, Whewell seems to have foreseen the attractions, and by anticipation to have resisted the victory, of the writings of Mr. John Stuart Mill, the able representative of an anti-spiritual philosophy.

At the height of his fame, Whewell withdrew, in 1839, from the exercise of his tutorial functions the year after he was appointed Cambridge Professor of Moral Philosophy. As was natural in a spiritualist, he detested the utilitarian ethics of Paley, whose *Moral Philosophy* was the text-book at Cambridge, and he laboured to replace them by a system in which a supreme divinely-implanted Conscience was exhibited as at once legislature and judge in the domain of human action and sentiment. Here again, as in the metaphysics of science, the influence of the materialist school was combated by Whewell; and altogether the most important tendency of his later labours at Cambridge was to counteract the influence of the school which, under the leadership of Mr. John Stuart Mill, has of late years become so powerful in the universities and out of them.

1841 saw Whewell married and Master of Trinity. His wife was a Marshall, of the well-known family of Leeds and flax-spinning. She was an excellent lady; and among the first of many illustrious guests to whom she did the honours of her husband's new academic household, were the Queen and the late Prince Consort. Not very popular as a tutor, Whewell was at first, at least, scarcely more so as Master of his renowned college. He had taken with him to Cambridge a certain Lancashire downrightness, which he never lost; and though he had his sovereign for a guest, and twenty years afterwards obeyed a requisition of her husband to deliver, for the express instruction of the young Prince of Wales (then a student at Cambridge), a short course of lectures on Political Economy, he could never have been converted into a successful courtier. The *fortiter in re*, much more than the *suaviter in modo*, was Whewell's characteristic. In conversation he was loud and dogmatic, as well as fluent and pointed, recalling the traditions of Samuel Johnson's talk. "When are you coming?" Sydney Smith once wrote to him—"when are you coming to thunder and lighten at the tables of the metropolis?" In consideration of his great intellectual excellences and merits, his thoroughly upright and honourable character, his colleagues might forgive his faults; but justice to Whewell was scarcely to be expected from the undergraduates, who, from his position and authority in the University, regarded him as the author of every regulation and proceeding that was obnoxious to them. "At one time his appearance in the Senate-house was always the signal for a storm of disapprobation from the galleries. He bore all these insults with unflinching scorn. Inwardly, it may be, he was wounded more than he dared to show." But as years wore on, he came to be thought of only as the pride and ornament of the University, "and the sight of his white head towering above the rest was always greeted with loud applause." On one occasion, before this happy era had arrived, and when he exercised the austere functions of Vice-Chancellor, "he had nerved himself to face the usual demonstrations." To his surprise, the undergraduates "received him with profound silence, and then suddenly burst into enthusiastic cheering." He had just lost his wife, after years of a happy married life. It is recorded that this reception of the undergraduates "completely overcame him, and he wept." Whewell was really a man of sensibility, as well as of science; and for months after the death of his wife, "he used to be seen going alone to the cemetery, to weep there."

It was after the death of his first wife, and to forget his sorrow in work, that Whewell wrote the most-generally read, perhaps, of all his writings, although, at the same time, it is the only one of which he never acknowledged the authorship. This was *The Plurality of Worlds*, on which disputed subject he took the negative side with a vigour and buoyancy not in the least suggestive of the sorrowing widower. Bringing all his astronomical and varied scientific lore to bear upon the question, Whewell demonstrated to his own satisfaction that the probabilities were against the existence of intelligent beings in the planets and the stars, and there was a touch of the transcendental comic in the sketch which he drew of the necessarily grotesque plight of their denizens, if denizens they contained. The book, Whewell thought, demolished the argument which much of Chalmers' astronomical discourses had been written to confute. Man, instead of being dwarfed by the spectacle of "the Immensities," was, after the appearance of *The Plurality of Worlds*, to regard himself with considerable complacency as the chief of created intelligent and sentient beings; while his earth, though small in size, was the masterpiece of the universe, as the only orb prepared to be the home of thought and feeling. The next step was to acknowledge the truth of the epigram which, in playful reference to a certain self-sufficiency rather suitable than otherwise to so mighty a Cambridge Don, declared that "there was nothing in infinity like the Master of Trinity!"

Whewell married again in 1858. His second wife was "Lady Affleck, widow of Sir Gilbert Affleck, and sister of Robert Leslie Ellis, one of Mr. Spedding's coadjutors in his edition of Bacon." She is said to have "won all hearts by her gentleness and kindness," and when she died, seven years afterwards, the grief of her husband, then a forlorn old gentleman on the verge of 70, is described as "sad to witness." He did not long survive her, dying from the effects of a fall from his horse, on the 6th of March, 1866. He died as he had lived, at Trinity. He had been heard to say that the sky always seemed to him brighter when framed by the walls and turrets of the Great Court of his beloved college, and in his dying hours he desired to have the blinds raised that he might look once more on this familiar scene, so fair and pleasant to his eye. He was buried with great pomp and ceremony in the ante-chapel of Trinity, and among the mourners were the Duke of Devonshire, his former pupil, Sir John Herschel, and the Astronomer-Royal.

The University and the College which he had loved in life, and which had done so much for him, were not to be forgotten after death. To his College he left a large and valuable space of adjacent ground for the purpose, and a considerable sum wherewith to erect new buildings on it. To the University he bequeathed a noble legacy to found a chair of International Law, with scholarships for students of the subject. In the course of his ethical studies he had been led to that of International Law, and he had published an abridged translation of the famous work of Grotius. He died, too, when the American Civil War had come to a close, with its disastrous bequest of the Alabama controversy, due to the absence of a well-defined and self-subsistent code of International Law. If this legacy of Whewell's were utilized as it might be, rarely would money have been left a university to better or more useful purpose.

BILLIARD-ROOM STUDIES AT MOSS SIDE.

BILLIARDS is essentially a winter game. There is no possible sympathy between the balmy nights of summer and the heat and smoke natural to the billiard-room. Long, cold winter nights revive the fascination of the green table. There are people, not very old, who profess to remember the time when Manchester could only boast two tables. This state of things is very much altered now. Probably there are few towns in which the game is more studied. This remark equally applies to many of the surburban districts, and in a special way to a locality situated just beyond the boundaries of the borough, not many miles from the toll-bar which helps to keep alive the memories of a celebrated local banker. Of course billiard-playing is not there confined to one room. Indeed, every hotel has its billiard-table. The grand hotel of the neighbourhood has a room—a very good one, were it not that play is rather cramped by want of space. Report says that this particular room serves another and widely different purpose. The proprietor occupies a distinguished and municipal position—in short, he is a town councillor. At certain periods of the day he is said to secure himself in the billiard-room for the practice of oratory and elocutionary exercises generally. The notion of a town councillor in all the agonies of impassioned eloquence and peroration, in the sole presence of an audience of billiard cues and balls, is certainly unique, and can only have been suggested by a close study of ancient history. But, as usual, one house takes the lead, and is considered *the* billiard house of the neighbourhood. The attractions of the place seem concentrated in the billiard-room. The smoke-room, comfortable enough in itself, is comparatively neglected. The initiated overlook it, and pass upstairs. The billiard-room is like most other places of the sort. There are two tables, and the usual arrangement of cues of all sizes, balls of all colours, and marking-boards. Like most billiard-rooms, the ventilation is not so perfect as it might be, and the atmosphere is often close, thick, and unhealthy.

Naturally the first personage to attract attention is mine host himself—a light, compact little man, who has during most of his life directed himself to horses. Nothing so much as horses makes itself so prominent in a man's appearance and style. By his dress, and a hundred other signs, a horsey man makes himself not as other men. We do not believe that a complete stage sailor's suit would hide the influence of his habits and tastes. Mr., we will say, Dickson, or "Joe" as he is generally called, still has dealings in horses, and the house and billiard-room have amongst their frequenters drivers, horsey amateurs, friends, pupils, and customers of the host, who cultivate the minimum of trousers consistent with sitting down, regard billiards with easy contempt, and come chiefly to talk horse in a vernacular, interesting to those probably, but utterly unintelligible to any others. Men who make horses a profession have generally a reputation for a keenness which exhibits itself in general in a rather unpleasant regard for that prominent but objectionable person known as number one. If that be the rule, Dickson is an exception. His simple straightforwardness has not a little to do with his popularity. Oddly enough the landlord is by no means devoted to billiards. This is, perhaps, because he is a very indifferent player, and possesses a style so perfectly bad that there is small hope of any great improvement. His equine sympathies and other duties do not exactly agree. The former require early rising, and the latter late retirement. It is one of the anxieties of his life to close the establishment at the earliest possible moment. Of course it is not always easy to persuade players, excited by defeat or victory, to leave before the legally-appointed hour. Under such unfortunate circumstances he takes a seat, assumes a sad interest in the game, and in the course of half a minute falls asleep gloomily. The marker is also a man of importance. He is a capital player of the older school. Rumour tells of the games he used to play with the elder Roberts, in the days when billiards was not necessary as a profession. His excellent play does much to keep up the standard of play in the room. He is fond of making matches, in which he generally gives away too many points. Withal he maintains his position as despot: his authority and conscientiousness are never for a moment questioned, and altogether he is a very exceptional marker.

Close study of the facts has convinced us that in no other game either of skill or chance is conceit so inordinately developed. This is very wonderful when we consider the indubitable fact, that in nine cases out of ten amateurs are extremely bad players. As a rule the most successful amateur is quite incapable of coping with a second or third-rate professional, yet the conceit of an ordinary amateur is boundless. In his heart he thinks there is nothing out of his reach; indeed, he has a vague sort of impression that with just a little more time he could attain the championship. When he plays successfully, his victory is owing entirely to science and skill; if beaten, it is entirely owing to ill-luck.

The slightly-built gentleman, Mr. Hardern, is a good specimen of the ordinary player. He has played six nights a week for years, probably, and has never got beyond a certain moderate height of success; and skill higher than his present position he will probably never get. His play is unscientific, and rather ugly to look at. He plays what his enemies call a strong but ignorant game, hitting the balls with a heavy thump. In consequence of the natural tendency of the balls to go somewhere, he is in the habit of making the most extraordinary cannons, and the balls are constantly in the habit of dropping into pockets in an entirely unexpected way. This fluking, as it is called, is one of the sorest points with players like him. Though he regularly scores by these unscientific aids, he persistently declines to admit the fact. The more complete the fluke, the greater belief has he in his own powers. In this operation of fluking he has only one rival, Mr. Hollins, who plays a somewhat similar game. Between the two, fluking has been elevated to a fine art. Hollins is the low comedy man of the company. He possesses an unlimited fund of what is called "chaff." He is constantly loudly boisterous—that is, whilst he wins. Should he lose, however, there is no sadder or more lugubrious person in the parish. Hollins and Hardern are inveterate opponents. Many are the fierce fights they have waged with varying success. To this day, after years of mutual slaughter, the question is still undecided as to which is the better player, or, at least, which is the bigger fluker. It is amusing to hear the confidential opinion of each as to the other's play. Hollins says of Hardern: "There was never such a (well, say) fellow for fluking; let him play me a declared game, and I'll lick his head off." Whilst Hardern imparts his earnest conviction, that if Hollins will only bar flukes he can give him twenty-five and beat him. All this is said without the smallest consciousness on the part of the speaker that he is ever guilty of a mistake in that way. Of course every other player who attends the room professes a hearty contempt for such play—a contempt heightened by the fact that both players are very successful, and certainly win oftener than lose. For with amateurs the strong, rough game almost invariably pays better than a more scientific one, even though the latter be prettier to look at.

Besides such players, who have at least attained a certain point of excellence, there is an endless variety of bad players, who are almost devoid of skill and knowledge. Every player, whether novice or old stager, has some peculiarity of his own. Some establish themselves on terms of close intimacy with the balls, and address them familiarly with words of encouragement or reproof, to stimulate or check their movements. Some actively influence matters by making noises with the tongue similar to that by which horses are urged on. Others, after striking, follow the balls with the cue, after the manner of bowlers, who trot after their "woods" an inch or two behind, from one end of the green to the other. Individuals there are who play such frantic and excited tricks with their cues and themselves whilst the balls are rolling, that the hats, heads, and feet of beholders are alike in danger.

We must not be understood to mean that our players are worse than usual. So far as we have seen, they are exceptionally good

amateurs. Indeed, there is one extraordinary young player, who demonstrates, at considerable expense to himself, that by constant practice, careful study, and much natural ability for play, it is possible for a young amateur to make himself nearly equal to a second or third-rate professional. His unusual excellence has not prevented his defeat by a child little higher than the table, and less than his own cue. There is another point in which our billiard-room is especially fortunate. The champion, or rather since Monday week the ex-champion of the world at billiards, lives in the neighbourhood. Occasionally we have opportunities of witnessing his wonderful play. At such times even the most staid of the frequenters forget their usual punctuality. After one of these displays, it is customary for each beholder to make a solemn statement of his intention never again to handle a cue. We need not say that such vows are invariably forgotten or deliberately violated.

A FEW COMPLIMENTS FROM THE OLD GREEK POETS.

I.

ON THE FOOTBOY AT OUR CLUB.

YOU eat fast and run slow; now you'll win more applause
If you eat like your paces, and go like your jaws.

II.

ON AN ALDERMANIC PORTRAIT.

The likeness (hang the artist!) is so true
Instead of one fat brute we now see two.

III.

ON AN INCOMPETENT J.P.

Quite true—Dame Fortune was your maker,
But spare your thanks, or you'll mistake her:
She raised you—not because she *would do't*,
But just to show the world she *could do't*.

IV.

ON A FELLOW NOTORIOUS FOR GIVING STINGY SUPPERS.

To sup once is the rule:
Yet no one but a fool,
At supper with Latinus,
Wouldn't step home in a trice
And sup that evening twice
On pain of being minus.

V.

ON WEDLOCK.

"Husbands have equally weather at the best:"
So saith the Fool, then marries—like the rest.

VI.

A TOPER ON HIMSELF.

So, here doth Father Mathew lie;
Topers and others all must die.
Bacchus! my toping days are done;
Accept my all—an empty tun.

VII.

ON A POLITICAL SPINSTER.

Of Graces now we've four, my dear!
Of Muses half a score, my dear!
And, multiplied by you, my dear,
Why, Venus counts for two, my dear!

TENNYSON AND SULLIVAN.—Mr. Tennyson is about to issue a volume of songs with music by Mr. Arthur Sullivan. It does not seem to be quite known whether the songs are entirely new, or a selection from those already published. The preface, which has been quoted in the advertisements, is ambiguous on the point. By the way, has it not been frequently observed that Mr. Tennyson's prose is generally very ambiguous?

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE PANTOMIMES.

THE subject of the Christmas entertainment at the Theatre Royal was announced as soon as the last season's pantomime was brought to a close. It is *Whittington and his Cat*. Rumour states that the Christmas pantomime is all that the manager of the Royal very much cares about, and certainly the kind of programme which fills up the interval between one pantomime and the next goes far to lend an air of credit to the report. The management at the Prince's intend to produce *Sing a Song of Sixpence*, for which the libretto has been written by a London author and artist, Mr. Gordon Thompson. The subject at the New Queen's is *The Forty Thieves*, drawn, of course, from that mine of wealth, *The Arabian Night's Entertainments*, and the writer of the text is a local gentleman, Mr. Shephard, who furnished the text for *Little Boy Blue*, the closing pantomime at the old Queen's Theatre in Spring Gardens.

THE COLLEEN BAWN AT THE NEW QUEEN'S.

One of Mr. Boucicault's best dramas, the *Colleen Bawn*, has been played for the last fortnight at this new and commodious theatre. On the occasion of our visit, the capacious pit was full, the gallery was crammed to overflowing, and there was a fair attendance in the circle. The play is put upon the stage and performed in a style creditable both to the management and the company. It was listened to throughout with the closest interest and attention, and the rescue of Eily O'Connor by Myles-na-Coppaleen was vociferously applauded. It would add to the illusion of the scene materially if Miles's terrific header into the water did not emit a sound resembling a body falling upon dry land. The part of Myles is well played by Mr. James Craig, as we anticipated it would be, from his previous performance of the Irishman in the *Green Bushes*. Miss Marian Medway played the Colleen Bawn carefully, and with effect; and the part of Ann Chute, the Colleen Ruadh, was very well undertaken by Miss May Barney. Mr. Egan was quite at home as Father Tom, and appeared to enjoy his pipe and his punch. Mr. Maskell, as Mr. Corrigan, Mr. Raynham, as Danny Mann, and Mrs. Egan, as Mrs. Cregan, materially contributed to the success of the revival of this popular and effective piece.

BEGONE DULL CARE.

Mr. Maccabe has been giving his entertainment, bearing the above appropriate title, before large audiences during the past fortnight, in the Assembly Room of the Free Trade Hall. This is a class of entertainment which, depending as it does upon the ability and versatility of one person, can only ensure success by the exhibition of first-rate talent. There is no half-way house between success and failure. If the various characters are not represented with vividness, truth, and a certain breadth of colouring approaching caricature, but still subservient to truth and nature, the entertainment becomes monotonous and a failure. Hence it is that so few of the many attempts in this species of amusement acquire a permanent success. Of these few successes among numerous efforts we may mention the entertainments of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, Mr. Woodin, Mr. Love, the Polyphonist, Miss Emma Stanley, and a few others. Mr. F. Maccabe can bear comparison with the best of these artists, and in addition to his great mimetic, dramatic and musical powers, is an excellent ventriloquist, which accomplishment is of infinite service to him in his entertainment, the whole of which he undertakes single-handed. The various characters in *Begone Dull Care* are, like others in similar entertainments, of a slight and sketchy nature, and like similar impersonations will no doubt pass away with the original delineator of them. But as Mr. Maccabe is a very young man we may reasonably hope that he will have the opportunity of exorcising "dull care" from the souls of numerous audiences for a long time to come. Mr. Maccabe fills up the outlines of the various characters in the entertainment with the most minute changes and details of voice and action, and although many of the scenes involve the necessity of carrying on dialogues and conversations between a number of persons, such scenes are represented as faithfully as though the various persons taking part in them were visibly before the

eye. His changes and transformations, several of them executed in presence of the audience, are managed with rapidity and neatness. Female characters undertaken by men are no more to our taste than the reverse, but Mr. Maccabe's impersonation of Miss Mary May, an affected sentimental young lady in full evening dress who performs a "pian›-forte fantasie" and sings a namby-pamby song, is wonderfully clever and gushing. The two most amusing characters, to our thinking, which we witnessed—for Mr. Maccabe occasionally varies his performance—were Mr. Solemn Sides, and an insane swell and lady-killer. Mr. Solemn Sides is a "respectable" old fool who is put up to make post-prandial and other speeches. He commences with "Upon this occasion Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, with your kind permission, I will make a few remarks * * * remarks ladies and gentlemen upon this occasion!" After floundering about for some time, fumbling with his pocket-handkerchief, and gesticulating in the most ridiculous fashion, he coolly observes that he will "conclude his remarks on this occasion," and resumes his seat. Mr. Maccabe convulsed the house with laughter in this character. Equally happy was he in his delineation of the vapid, be-whiskered fop, who addresses an imaginary lady seated on a drawing-room chair, and makes an egregious donkey of himself after the fashion of his kind, and apparently to his entire satisfaction. Mr. Maccabe further represents a railway porter and a great variety of passengers supposed to be taking their seats. He also gives a life-like portraiture of Mr. Henry Russell, which is as good in its way as Mrs. Howard Paul's personification of Mr. Sims Reeves and the counterfeit of the same vocalist by "the only Maclagan."

THE CONSCIENCES OF JURYMEN.

If there is one thing we hate more than another about our local courts it is the excessive obsequiousness shown by some of their presidents to the juries. We cannot blame Mr. Justice Brett for the same conduct towards an unfortunate juryman who objected to taking an oath. The cross-examination which that learned judge administered to him reads as if he had been regarded more as a deep-dyed felon than a conscientious man. We must enter a protest against the rude manner in which judges treat conscientious scruples. It is not long since Mr. Baron Martin was almost choked with astonishment and indignation because a Liverpool gentleman objected to find a man guilty of what he didn't believe he had done. This sort of conduct is most wrong. A man with a conscience ought to be encouraged, and not sat upon, if only on account of his rarity. The trouble that he gives ought to be the most gratifying difficulty with which a judge has to grapple. Instead of this, he is bullied and held up to ridicule. The plain English of the matter is, that judges do not really care a dump what compromises jurors make with their consciences so that the verdict which they think the proper one is got at. Some of them have of late done much to lessen that respect, deference, and pride with which the public is accustomed to look up to them.

FOOTBALL: MANCHESTER *v.* PRESTON.

Matches at Didsbury, matches at Longsight, matches at Whalley Range, show that in Manchester the football season has set in with unusual severity. Indeed, football seems to be the recognized rage of the year. On Saturday last there was a contest at Whalley Range, when the Manchester Club—the premier team of the city—gained a decided victory over the adventurous men of Preston. The match was exceedingly well fought, especially during its earlier part. Afterwards Preston seemed to tire, and when once the ice was broken by the Manchester, in the shape of a goal, two others followed rapidly. Preston was probably weaker than the Manchester, and besides did not muster in full strength. Under the Manchester striped shirt were the forms of many well-known players, but one of the most distinguished was not discoverable. The Preston uniform was a dark blue, and on the breast of each was the suggestive and appropriate name—Grasshopper. The effect was that which might be produced by an assemblage of aristocratic young laymen distinguished by the name of their crafts. Two or three players who have often fought with more or less success for the Manchester were taking an active part in the interests of Preston. It will be pleasing to those who know anything of the furious excitements of the game to learn that no very serious casualty happened. A torn jersey or two, and such trifles, are barely worth mention. Only one player was incapacitated, and that only happened towards the close of the day's play. The frightful contortions of this unfortunate's face as he limped to the pavillion were no doubt partly to be ascribed to pain, and partly perhaps to a triumphantly successful endeavour to keep his glass fixed to his eye.

THE CHAMPION BILLIARD PLAYERS.

A billiard entertainment was given in the Mayor's Parlour on Wednesday afternoon, but the meagre attendance showed that the public interest in the game is not so strong as to care for mere exhibitions of skill in which there is no serious contest. Supposing each player to play his best on every occasion, there appears to be great uncertainty in the game. Roberts, jun., beat William Cook a few months ago, in the match for the championship; and on Wednesday afternoon William Cook beat Roberts by 400 points in a 750 game. William Cook plays with much greater precision than Roberts, jun., and his all-round play is quite as good. Since his first appearance in Manchester we have always considered him the champion player; and there is no doubt that if he covet that distinction it is as much now as ever within his grasp. At the evening exhibition on the same day, Roberts, jun., won by twenty-five points; but this victory does not affect our estimate of the relative merits of the two players.

THE ASSIZES.

THREE times a year two high and mighty ministers of what is called justice, learned in the law, come down to Manchester: their object being to rush through certain lists of cases with the greatest haste compatible with common decency, in order that they may get back again to London as speedily as possible. They are followed by a hundred other gentlemen, all learned, some two dozen of whom have golden guineas given them for conducting cases which they thereupon do all they can to knock upon the head, and so get rid of; and the rest of whom come to do nothing but talk, loll about, yawn, and make themselves as little miserable as possible. When they come, there ensues a general scramble amongst the attorneys to get their cases fixed as late as possible, because they haven't got them ready. When they are called on, it is difficult to combat the conviction that a race is being run with time, and that the impatient judge regards each trial as a bore, to be got rid of somehow.

We are glad to see Mr. Justice Mellor once more in the Civil Court. Mr. Justice Mellor's glorious old head and mouth grow bigger and bigger every time he visits us. It is one of our few ambitions to see Mr. Justice Mellor eating a mince-pie.

A lively libel case is going on against the *City News*—its offence being the accuracy of its reports. The judge sums up most sensibly, explaining how life would be intolerable if such a publication as the one complained of were to be regarded as a libel; but the jury, with the usual eccentricity of their class, consulted for some time together before they found that they agreed with him. Whilst a still livelier breach of promise case is occupying their attention, let us have a look at Mr. Justice Brett. While broken hearts are being plastered with bank-notes in Mr. Justice Mellor's court, a murder case is going on in Mr. Justice Brett's. We are arrested on the threshold by a piece of awful information; and we get such a glimpse as we never had before into the wrongs of women and the tyranny of men.

Where is Miss Becker? Where is Mrs. Josephine E. Butler? Where are all the rest of them? Here is the most deliberate and studied insult to their rights, and they not here to vindicate themselves! The culprit is no less a person than Sir William Baliol Brett himself. Will it be believed this high functionary has positively set apart a specified occasion for the hearing of certain appointed cases, with the absolute and almost admitted object of excluding ladies from the court on that day. Here is

a horrible outrage on the rights of woman. There is about it an air of deliberation and premeditation that renders it abominable. If, in the nineteenth century, English courts are not open to the public, where is our boasted freedom? If they are, by what insulting and degrading sophistries is the exclusion of women attempted to be justified? We assure Miss Becker, Mrs. Butler, and their colleagues, that there is no earthly object in excluding their much-injured sex, except a sentimental and old-fashioned notion that some cases are not fit for them to hear. Ludicrous as the idea may seem to men of this generation, it was positively thought by those barbarian ancestors of ours, who first originated this nefarious system of exclusiveness, which still keeps women out of courts of justice upon certain days, that ladies would be shocked at the investigations there and then pursued. It is time such wretched remnants of antiquity were swept away. They may have been all very well in ages past, when there was a distinction between the sexes, and when women were so guilty and gross-minded that they sometimes blushed; but now they are antiquated and out of all harmony with the spirit of the age. Women don't blush now. We have done away with such prudery. Progress be praised, the women of to-day are so pure, that to them all things are pure. Modesty is very well for the vicious: it is to be met with now and then amongst the outcasts of society: but your virtuous woman is as bold as brass. After attending a physiological lecture, delivered to a mixed class in the morning, what can better fit her for that monster meeting about contagious diseases, which she is going to attend in the evening, than the hearing of a good case of felonious assault at the Assize Courts in the afternoon? The namby-pamby sentimentality which keeps women out on these occasions, is a thing of the past. It was founded on the long-ago exploded fallacy that the female sex was the modest one. Now that it has been over and over again distinctly demonstrated to the contrary, the practices established while that feeble old delusion was upon men's minds, ought at once to be abrogated. Let Miss Becker and her colleagues see to this unjustifiable infraction of the rights of women.

Of their privilege of admission to the grand jury boxes upon ordinary days, the ladies have availed themselves at these Assizes to the full extent. Their attendance has been in exact proportion to the offensiveness of the case tried. As its degree has increased, so have their numbers; as it has diminished, so have they. In the Nisi Prius Court, where objectionable and disgusting details are the exception, a large attendance of ladies has been the exception too. In the Crown Court, where an inoffensive case is the exception, a small attendance of ladies has been the same. Indeed, the moment objectionable parts are over, they get up and go. Thus, after sitting out all the revolting details of a murder case, when everything is said except the solemn sentence of the law, a number of them troop out straightway. There being nothing uncleanly or disgusting about the passing of sentence of death, it has no attraction for them. We are aware that they profess to be unable to bear to hear a fellow-creature's doom pronounced; but this affectation of delicacy is rather too absurd for the most credulous to believe in, after seeing how the gentle creatures took the sickening details of another fellow-creature's equally revolting fate, and giggled, and chewed sandwiches with much enjoyment.

Strangely opposite to the bloodthirstiness of these fair damsels, for whose sakes we grieve that bull-fights do not flourish in this country, is the eagerness with which the men impanelled opposite to them clutch at every sentence of the iron judge's that can possibly be twisted in the murderer's favour. Such is the instinctive horror of the hideous punishment of brutal death, which rises in the breasts of men, that average honest ones will perjure themselves sooner than be parties to it. But few opportunities are given them in the judge's charge: which judge—if it is his duty not to make his own opinion manifest—fails in that duty most egregiously. Patrick Durr—the man who killed the drunken woman, who, to gratify her vice, pawned all his poor possessions, till he had to sell the shoes from off his feet to buy his household bread, and go barefooted to his labourer's toil—and who most certainly is not one whit worse than two-thirds of all his class—must have a rope put round his neck, and have it dragged until it breaks and he is suffocated: to teach his like the sanctity in which the law holds life. The stern judge rules that which, for all we know, may be as good law as it is iniquitous injustice: that four years of the most tragic provocation which a man can have was not to be regarded as the least soever—because it wasn't *a blow*—a wretched blow—the matter of a moment! The jury have no option in the question. If they have the least regard for their oaths, they must return the verdict which they do. And now the Queen's Justices and the Queen's Attorney-General strictly charge and enjoin that all persons do keep silence while sentence of death is pronounced and the young ladies immediately make as much noise as possible, to get their delicate organisations out of the way of what follows. What does follow? First, the judge brings out a black cap, which he seems to have had waiting all the time—a little circumstance which does not prove that he had made his mind up what the verdict should be before he had heard the evidence — and then he reads poor Patrick Durr a lesson on his brutal conduct, telling him how much brutality is loathed by English law, and then impressing this upon him by pronouncing that the sentence of that law upon him was, that he should be hung up until his neck was broken by a rope. In fact, he told him that so odious to the law was what he had done to his wife, that the law was going to do almost exactly the same to him. He read him a most wholesome lecture on the virtue of severity, most plainly implying, if not absolutely saying, that mercy showed to him would be misplaced; and then wound up by praying "unfeignedly" that the Lord might have that mercy upon him which he had just demonstrated to be wrong. So strangely men forget their common sense the moment they remember their religion. Then Patrick Durr was separated from the bar to which he clung, and was conducted back to the prison whence he came, and whence the vindicated majesty of English law directed that he should be taken to some place of execution, to be hung by the neck until he should be dead.

So did Patrick Durr turn his back upon the world, and so did the world turn its back upon Patrick Durr; and as he will go along better without it than ever he did with it, it will go along without him better than ever it did with him. We cannot help feeling pity even for brutal Patrick Durr. He was such a very small drop in the ocean of life. The great judge might well be ready with his black cap. Who was Patrick Durr to anyone? If his name had been Boulton, or even Park—if a few lords, or perhaps a good many lords, had been in the same position—all would have been very different. He might have been certioraried into the Queen's Bench, and then had his case postponed until the public curiosity and indignation over him had died out, when it might perhaps have been hushed up, and those called prurient who asked awkward questions about it. But Patrick Durr knew no lords; he had entered into no partnership of crime with peers; so down he went into the cell, where he will stop until he is taken to have his neck broken, and on went the world as if he had never been.

Another murderer was called up, and the learned counsel who defended him basted the learned judge with such a quantity of very rancid butter, that he fain got up and went out—probably to be sick. When he came back he summed up more terribly

than ever. But it was no use—two human sacrifices to the law's diabolism in one day was more than flesh could bear: the jury broke their oaths. Quite obvious was the annoyance of the relentless judge, whilst saying that he had no doubt they had decided according to their consciences; but well he punished them. They thought to do the prisoner a good turn, but brought upon him the most dreadful sentence man can pass on man. Poor Patrick Durr! whom the world thus went on without, was not so poor after all. He will at least get away from this mysterious life which gave him his hot Irish blood, but gave him neither strength nor training to control it—which fastened him to a drunken woman for all his days, and gave him not a chance of fairly getting rid of her—which put him on his trial for her slaughter—and which testified its horror of his act by imitating it. Poor Patrick Durr! His thick head must have been rarely puzzled if he ever attempted to understand the circumstances of his life. And in consideration of this fact, he well might have been spared the final mystery of reconciling the convenient proximity of that black cap with the noble presumption of English law, that every man is innocent until he is proved to be guilty. What a rude shock must have been given to Patrick Durr's faith in the impartiality of his trial, when he found that the black cap had been in waiting all the time beneath the judge's desk. He must have gone down to what was to all intents and purposes his grave, with the conviction that there is a little humbug even in the glorious majesty of law. But what does it matter what he went down to his grave with? The world is well rid of him; and he is certainly well rid of the world.

A PENNY READING AT WITHINGTON.

THE other day it came under our notice that the committee of the Withington Public Hall and Library had pleasure in announcing one of a series of popular entertainments—in fact, a penny reading. We went, for more reasons than one. Those who know anything of Withington hospitality, and have personal friends in that locality, hardly require even the enticement of a penny reading to take them down there.

A volume might be written, though perhaps not read, upon the history of penny readings and their great popularity. Suffice it to note here that they are a cheap amusement; that it is pleasant to see one's private friends appear in public; to enjoy their triumphs, or laugh at their nervousness; and it is gratifying to be invited to take an occasional part. We have attended many and assisted at some, and hardly remember any which could not be pronounced a success, though some of them deserved failure. Decent readers should be selected, and suitable readings chosen. A clergyman once showed his want of tact by selecting "The Vision of Sin," to read to a number of "straw-yard canaries." Music should not be ignored; it is generally the meat in the sandwich.

The entertainment was somewhat advanced when we arrived at the Public Hall, Withington, and we soon learnt that there was some hitch in the proceedings. One of the principal vocalists was absent, and another had to be fetched from the contemplation of his Lares and Penates by a formidable deputation. But the audience were in a good humour, and the readings were well received. The room, in fact, the ante-room and passage were as full as they well could be, and some late arrivals were clamouring in vain for admission. The hall, we suppose, might accommodate about one hundred and fifty; the place was very hot, and there was much noise; the readers had to fight their way to the platform where the chairman, the choir, the piano, and the music-stand were crowded as closely as lots at an auction.

The readings consisted of such pieces as "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "New Pittaties," "Mrs. Caudle," and the like. The songs were not the least attraction of the evening. A quiet young man sang a tenor solo, and was much applauded; but the hero of the evening was evidently a late arrival—a merry-looking man, who brought his own accompanyist with him. He and the pianist had to do with one copy between them, and this made it rather awkward; but the merry little man was full of confidence and voice. Heavens! what a voice he had. He made the welkin ring again, if there be such a thing as a welkin in a public hall. Talk about chest notes! His notes must have come from the pit of his stomach, and gathered volume as they rose to his throat. His selections were of the sentimental style. He gave "The Thorn," and was encored, when he roared out "The Bay of Biscay." When this follower of Braham came on again he sang "Tom Bowling," and finally "The Village Blacksmith." The feelings of the audience were not so harrowed but that they roared for another. Then there was some whispering between him and his familiar at the piano, which resulted in a comic song, in which were described the chronic chilling of a man by the eating of an ice, the terrible effect upon every person and thing with which he came in contact, his melancholy death, and the recommendation of an Irishman on the coroner's jury that ices should in future be taken hot. All this time he went through various pantomimes, descriptive of the patient's distressing case, and the audience nearly drowned his voice with their laughter. The programme had come to an end, but the audience wanted more. The chairman seemed to give himself up for lost, and it appeared as if, in music-hall parlance, the little gentleman would oblige again; but he obtained leave to address the audience, and proposed one verse of the National Anthem, he taking the solo. We fancy this loyal gentleman had some doubts as to the words, for the pianist appeared to prompt him. The chorus was sung with a vengeance. The chairman hoped that next time there would be a little less noise, and the proceedings closed, only to be resumed, we believe, by some of the chief actors at an adjoining tavern, from which music and laughter were heard till a late hour.

People like these amateur entertainments as children like playing at keeping shop and giving company. The penny readings are harmless, popular, entertaining, and sometimes instructive, and we wish them every success.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS ON 'CHANGE.

5.—DRUMMERS: INSURANCE AGENTS.

AMID the heterogeneous mass which constitutes the subscribers to the Manchester Exchange, and the discordant noises which prevail in that commercial battle-ground, the "roll of the drum" is a sound familiar to the ear of the contending legions. The player upon that wind instrument is not lost in the prevailing babel and clash of trading warfare. His eternal tattoo may be constantly heard beating up for recruits, unextinguished by the rude instruments of native performers, the drone of the Scottish bagpipes, or the excruciating clang of foreign cymbals.

The pure, unadulterate, and indefatigable drummer can hardly be looked upon in the light of a regular trader, but rather lives upon the fringe or skirts of the commercial community. He is not an employer of labour in a producing sense, nor yet is he a merchant whose function it is to distribute, and supply home and foreign markets with manufactured goods. The drummer pursues a sort of exoteric commercial calling, making a living, precarious or otherwise, as he best can, out of the several industries around him. If, as has been written, and we say it with reverence, man was made a little lower than the angels, so we may say of the unsophisticated drummer, who, like Autolycus, is "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," that he is made a little lower than the broker or commission agent. Unlike these media, he requires no capital, for he is not necessitated to make advances like a pawnbroker. His business is at all times and seasons to keep perpetually beating his drum, and everlastingly asking for orders for anything on which he can obtain a commission, whether it be life or fire insurance, cotton, pig-iron, yarn, wine, oil, or any other article in the course of daily consumption. His sole capital is his own body and his connection; and his chief stock-in-trade an abundant supply of tact accompanied by callousness. Consequently, the drummer, *par excellence*, is generally a man who has experienced vicissitudes; one who has frequently been brought up to some other business, in which, having been unsuccessful from some cause or other, and being thrown upon his beam-ends, like the turret-ship Captain, in order to save himself from foundering he desperately takes to his boats, and, committing himself to the waste of waters, makes for land, unincumbered with either gold or silver or brass

in his purse. Having reached the shore, in the shape of an agency of some sort, he hoists his big drum and commences pounding away, in season and out of season. If he has not got a connection ready-made he sets to work to make one; but unless he is guaranteed a subsidy of some kind at starting, the probability is that he will often faint by the way, if he does not perish altogether, before he reaches the summit of his perilous ascent, and has been able to secure a decent living.

The Life-insurance drummer ought to possess some knowledge of human nature, and have a large circle of acquaintances. He should be well skilled in social amenities, with a large amount of self-confidence and that commodity in which he himself deals—assurance, and have the faculty of putting people upon good terms with themselves. Thus he will not be always looked upon as an insufferable bore and a man to be avoided as one who has designs upon your *life*. If, in addition to the qualifications above named, he can persuade himself that the Office which he represents is the best Company which does, or ever possibly did, or could exist, he will have a drum upon which he can keep perpetually beating to his heart's content. The conviction that he himself is a social benefactor who goes about inculcating habits of prudence, forethought, and frugality, give a tone of earnestness to his insidious wiles and insinuating recommendations. It is a singular trait in the character and calling of the Assurance Agent, that he has no sooner, metaphorically speaking, committed the act of assassination already alluded to, by taking your life, than he immediately has an invested interest in your health and welfare. He fervently desires that your days may be prolonged in the land, and he would hear of your demise with probably more unfeigned regret than the same lamentable event would cause to most of your dearest friends. In fact, by departing this life, and thereby cutting off an annual source of income from the Assurance Agent, you do, or he conceives that you do, him an irreparable injury, and if you have only been insured a short time, he almost inclines to think, that like Lord Melbourne's bishop, you died to spite him.

As the probability of making an income out of life insurance, for a considerable time at least, is not very probable, the insurance drummer generally incorporates that branch of industry with some other business. Having set to work with his drumsticks and his kettle-drums, he naturally first applies to his friends, and to his surprise finds that most of them have insured their lives, and if they have not that nearly all of them have already promised to do so with other offices. It is the business of the drummer to ignore and make light of these promises, as they may be all blinds or myths. Besides, is not his company the best, the safest, the cheapest, in fact the only reliable office in the country? Rich people, as a rule, seldom insure their lives, therefore his wealthy friends cannot do much for him. However, now and again, looking upon it as an investment, which it is, and being disposed to give their drumming friend a turn, they do insure, and very lucky indeed he is when he captures such good fat fish. It is surprising how few inquiries people make when they insure, but generally take for granted all that the agent tells them. Latterly some severe lessons have been taught, but we are inclined to think that insurers will go on taking things very much for granted and giving themselves very little trouble about the matter.

The life-insurance agent very soon exhausts the circle of his immediate friends who are prepared to deliver their lives into his hands, but he must not lose sight of the fact, that like the voting of the school-boards, every policy taken out ought to be cumulative, inasmuch as the person insured becomes interested in the security and prosperity of his office, and is disposed to do what he can to induce his friends to row in the same boat. Having secured his more immediate friends, the drumming agent begins to look out for fresh fields and pastures new. He surveys the country from which he has to draw his supplies, and lays out for himself some definite line of action. It will not do for him to adopt abrupt and desultory measures, and invade the premises of all and sundry, or even make butting and rampagious attacks upon pre-occupied persons on 'Change, like an infuriated bullock. This requires an amount of effrontery which is the speciality of a few, and is best adapted to those drummers who beat up for recruits for small sums in the highways and bye-ways of life-insurance. Instances have been known where this species of drummer has adopted a peculiar costume supposed to betoken respectability. What with snow-white hair, close-shaving, a white choker, and a general style of dress combining that of an Anglican Prelate, the Prison Philanthropist, the late Dr. Dalton, and Peter Clare, we have known drummers of this description, by the aid of these adjuncts and sheer impudence, penetrate into the recesses of banks, mills, and warehouses, and button-hole the employés therein, when other less extraordinary looking individuals would have been summarily ejected from the premises.

The agent, having skilfully put down his lines and cast his nets, keeps a keen look out, and patiently waits the opportune time to land his fish. Chiefly does he keep a watchful eye upon persons about to marry, and he is a firm opponent of *Punch's* cynical advice to those parties. Matrimony is the safest bait which the assurance angler carries in his pocket book. He feels like Iago the Ancient, playing with that foolish insect, Othello's Lieutenant, and says

> With such a web shall I ensnare
> So great a fly as Cassio.

Just as at the approach of the spawning season, when the salmon leave the ocean and ascend the fresh water rivers, the fishermen prepare for a harvest of booty, so does the piscatorial drummer watch that season of the year when young men's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love. Then is his best time to hook and land his fish. Upon matrimonial thoughts intent, the bridegroom elect is full of complacency at the approaching consummation of his hopes. He is in a frame of mind open to receive friendly advice, and to act upon it. The assurance drummer can take up the words of the psalmist, and say, "I will play upon a musical instrument," and can handle Benedick like clay in the hands of the potter. Is he (Benedick) not bound to take cognizance of his new and grave responsibilities? Nay, further, is he not bound to look upon remote and future probabilities and circumstances? Of course he is. He insures his life forthwith, and when the probable encumbrances have become certainties he is open to further arguments, and takes out further policies.

It is not necessary for the Insurance drummer to concern himself over much about the health of the person whose life he is desirous of insuring. If he is old, so much the more reason why he should provide for an occurrence likely to happen. If he is young, then low premiums and an easy mind are secured at the same time. All premiums are grist to the Agent's mill, and he is ready to do the needful for any human being from eight weeks to eighty years of age in some shape or other. The details may be left to the Company, the Medical Officer, and the Actuary. It is not the drummer's business to know the times and the seasons when a man is most likely to die. The "best lives" sometimes go first, and what seem the worst last longest. We have heard a medical officer of reputation say that he would as soon "pass" for his insurance office a person with a delicate constitution, provided he had really no organic disease about him, as he would a more robust person, because he found that people as a rule lived up to tension of their constitutions.

But time and space warn us that although we have not exhausted the drummer boys we must for the present give them some rest, and summon them again on a future occasion.

THE J. P. AND THE BARMAID.

A BREACH of promise case in a court of law is looked upon very much like the afterpiece at a theatre, when the steady-going drama has been disposed of, and everybody settles down once again to enjoy the fun and the laughter. On Monday morning, at the assizes, the performance commenced with a new and libellous melodrama, entitled, "Cheetham *v. The Manchester City News* Company." After which came the screaming farce of "Marsh *v.* Kenworthy." Without looking at the playbill, it was easy to see that an amusing piece was on. The barristers in the stalls smiled feebly at each other, and settled down into the attitudes in which smiling feebly was the least possible exertion. The jurymen in the private boxes tried hard to look bored, like the critics at a first performance, but it was no use. They were evidently delighted at having such capital reserved seats. The money-takers, who were dressed like policemen, squeezed into the door, and affably followed the play. The gallery was crammed to suffocation, owing to the low price of admission; and even the manager, in his stage-box on the bench, looked on with interest. The scene of the farce was laid at the Thatched House Hotel in Market Street, and the plot consisted in a Justice of the Peace (Mr. James Kenworthy) promising a barmaid (Miss Marsh) to marry her, and then humourously marrying some one else. This little incident in itself is extremely funny, but the British public is such a Philistine, that it insists upon a moral being tacked on to every play, and so in this case the moral (delivered admirably by a juryman) ran as follows:—

> "The jury, after a brief consultation, founds
> A verdict for the plaintiff,—Twelve Hundred Pounds."

This is not the first appearance of Mr. James Kenworthy in the part of defendant to a breach of promise case. On a former occasion the moral amounted to £600. But Mr. Kenworthy is a cynic, and morals do not appeal to him. He is a Justice of the Peace, but his cynicism preserves him from the respectability which is vulgarly supposed to attach to that office. He is a philosopher, and is able to separate the man (James Kenworthy) from the mere office, and to regard them apart. In one of his letters to Miss Marsh he writes:—

"Cavendish Street Mill, Ashton-under-Lyne,
"October 17, 1867.

"My dear Nelly,—Hear I sit, my head in one hand and pen in the other, a pain in my head fit to crack it, suppose it to be made of steel. Oh, rum and honey, rum and honey, what hast thou done for James! I arrived at Ashton all right, but, of course, a little would have more, and the result, as a matter of course, was James got drunk. If James had been taken before James Kenworthy, J.P., he would have been fined 5s. and costs, or 14 days, for being drunk and incapable. However, I did not get that mark of distinction. I got home all right in a cab, but no more cold-curing with rum and honey."

Mr. James Kenworthy is a cynic; but no more rum and honey for him!

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